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The Mercury.

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JOHN P. SANBORN, Editors.
A. H. SANBORN,)

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in 1876, and is now in its 40th year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and has been published continuously since that time. It is a weekly paper, published every Wednesday, except on holidays. It is a large paper, containing 16 pages, and is published at a price of 10 cents per copy. It is a valuable source of information to the people of Newport and the surrounding area. It is published by The Mercury Publishing Co., 125 Thompson Street, Newport, R. I.

Local Matters.

Inspecting Fire Stations.

The board of aldermen and others interested made a tour of the fire stations of the city Tuesday afternoon, for the purpose of forming some idea of what will be required in the way of specifications for alterations. Dr. Book of the re-organization commission, and Building Inspector Sullivan were in the party, the former pointing out the various changes that were recommended by the commission. Some of the buildings will require extensive alterations, while others will need but little. Monday evening, Agent Webber of the LaFrance Company made a tour of the stations to look over the old apparatus that his company is supposed to take in part payment for the new motor apparatus.

Over 28,000 Population.

According to Col. George H. Webb, Director of the Rhode Island Census, the population of Newport will exceed 28,000. The compilation is not yet completed, but he is confident from the figures at hand that the population of the city will exceed the figures mentioned. This means a substantial gain for Newport.

There will be a legal contest in connection with the will of Theodore M. Davis of this city, who died in Florida a short time ago. The necessary steps to start such action in the Superior court for Newport County have been taken in behalf of Mrs. Davis. It is the claim of the plaintiff in the case that Mr. Davis agreed to leave her \$1,000,000 in lieu of dower, whereas the amount specified in the will is \$100,000. Notification of the contest has been given to the various parties in interest under the will.

At an early hour Saturday morning there were several hurry up calls for the police from different parts of the city. There was much excitement in the vicinity of Mann avenue, where a man annoyed his former wife and was held until the police could come for him. He later paid a fine in the police court. Several sailors in the vicinity of Third street were the reason for another call for the police, but they had disappeared before the wagon arrived.

Rear Admiral Stephen B. Luce, U. S. N. (retired), on Thursday observed his eighty-eighth birthday, receiving hearty congratulations from his many friends. A very pretty tribute was paid by the commandant of the Naval Training Station, the brigade of apprentices being drawn up in front of Admiral Luce's residence and tendering a salute. Admiral Luce is one of the best friends that Newport ever had, and all who know him hope that he will be with us for many years longer.

Merchant's week in the stores is attracting considerable attention. The prizes for the best windows were awarded on Thursday, the first award going to B. F. Downing & Co., the second to A. C. Titus Co., and the third to C. Tisdall Co.

Tuesday was a very busy day in the District Court, there being four civil cases for trial before Judge Baker. Broken English was much in evidence.

Newport had its first automobile accident on Thursday, but after the first few cars had failed to bring reasonable prices the rest of the sale was put over for a while.

Mr. Ara Hildroth, who has been confined to his home by illness for the past week, was reported as slightly improved on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Barrett arrived in Newport Tuesday morning after a several weeks' trip to Bermuda and other places.

Aldermen Adopt Uniforms.

The board of aldermen had a rather interesting special session on Monday evening, where fire department matters were taken up again for discussion, and a few details were disposed of. The agent of the American LaFrance Company was present and quoted prices for his apparatus, with regular equipment, but did not appear enthusiastic about taking the old engines in trade, except on junk. Mayor Burlingame presided, and there was but one absentee.

The committee on rules and regulations made a partial report, but had not yet prepared all the rules and regulations for the conduct of the department, their report dealing with the matter of full dress uniforms for the officers and men. These were specified in much detail, and were formally adopted by the board.

Mr. Benjamin F. Tanner came before the board in regard to poles in the vicinity of Rhode Island avenue and Kay street. The representative council had authorized the erection of an electric light there, but the property owners objected to the construction of a pole line to feed it. He protested against the erection of any new poles, and said that many of the residents of that vicinity did not desire the lights at all. Work on the poles had been stopped temporarily by the alderman from that ward, and the matter was referred to him for further investigation.

Chief Kirwin asked some questions about the fire department ordinance, desiring to know what pay the men are now supposed to be getting. The new ordinance makes a slight increase, giving the permanent men \$1100 a year, and asked if that took effect now. Although no formal vote was taken it seemed to be the sense of the board that the increase should not go into effect yet.

A suggestion of Chief Kirwin that he would like to move a roll top desk from headquarters to Station 1 was the cause of considerable discussion, but no action was taken. Dr. Book presented the draft of a form for applications for membership in the department, and it was referred to the committee on rules and regulations. A query from a member of the board as to what would be necessary in the way of alterations to the existing houses brought forth the response that it would be necessary to look them over with a builder before definite plans could be made. It was decided that the inspector of buildings could prepare the plans and specifications.

After some consideration the city clerk was directed to advertise for proposals for furnishing a car for the deputy chief and the auto truck for general use, bidders to furnish their own specifications; also for a hose testing and repairing machine.

Then Mr. Webber of the LaFrance Company was asked about the prices for his machines. He did not like the clause regarding the equipment of the apparatus, which seemed very broad, and he did not know what equipment would be demanded. A few suggestions were made, and he then stated that the prices mentioned in the report of the committee would stand, less a discount of \$250 on each piece if all are ordered at once. The pumps and hose pieces could be delivered in 60 days, but double that time would be required on the hook & ladder trucks, as they will be built to special measurements, to fit the bodies now belonging to the city. He did not want the old engines, but would take them for junk. No action was taken.

Mr. William Douglas Sloane, who died in Aiken, S. C., last week, was well known in Newport, his wife being Miss Emily Vanderbilt, a daughter of the late William H. Vanderbilt. He is survived by a widow, three daughters and one son, Mrs. James A. Burden, Jr., Mrs. John Henry Hammond, Mrs. William B. Osgood Field, and Mr. Malcolm Douglas Sloane.

The March session of the Superior Court came to a close on Friday afternoon of last week, the final case being the divorce action of Sathen Havens vs. Robert I. Havens, in which the petition was granted and custody of minor children awarded to the petitioner. Several cases that were expected to come to trial at the March session were settled out of court.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hope Norman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Norman of this city, and Mr. Elliot Bacon, son of Hon. Robert Bacon, formerly United States Ambassador to France. Miss Norman is a granddaughter of the late George H. Norman.

The trial of Chief Boatwain William Spicer, retired, before a general court martial at the Training Station began on Wednesday, there being two charges against him, with about 20 specifications.

Mr. James J. Van Allen was in Newport on Sunday to look over the improvements under way at "Wakehurst."

Special Election Called.

There may be a special election to fill the vacancy in the General Assembly from the fifth representative district of Newport—and there may not. The warrant for the special election has been issued by City Clerk Fullerton, April 20 being the date set. If the General Assembly is in session on that date the election will be held. If it has taken final adjournment before that time, the election may be called off by the board of aldermen. The law is rather confusing on this point. It provides that if a vacancy occurs while the Legislature is in session, the City Clerk shall forthwith call a special election to fill the vacancy, but if the Legislature is not in session the responsibility is transferred to the board of aldermen, with more discretionary powers.

April 10 will be the sixtieth day of the legislative session, which is the limit for which the members can draw pay. However, there is nothing to prevent the session from continuing longer, and as a matter of fact it is generally does run over the prescribed time by a week or two, so that it is quite probable that the Legislature will be in session on the 20th, in which case the election will certainly be held.

There will probably be a caucus of the Democratic voters in that district before the election, at which a lively contest is expected. There are several candidates for the nomination, because the successful candidate will have all of next year to serve under the Mottell election law. Whether there will be a contest at the polls is not known, but it is not likely that the Republicans will put any candidate in the field in that district, which is solidly Democratic.

The Mayor and Board of aldermen held a conference with a committee from the Newport Improvement Association on Tuesday in regard to securing bids for various work. The committee, consisting of General Ennis, Professor Burgess, and Admiral Chadwick, brought along a Brookline man, Mr. Alfred Chandler, to tell the board what it could and could not do. According to this authority the board of aldermen had no right to restrict bids to local parties.

Newport and the two towns on the Island were very much in opposition at the hearing on the dog damage bill before the House judiciary committee on Tuesday. The bill is aimed to relieve the necessity for the city of Newport to pay for damages by dogs in Middletown and Portsmouth. The Newport members supported the bill, and the Middletown and Portsmouth members opposed it on the ground that a large part of the damage in the two towns was caused by Newport dogs.

Ploughing and preparing of gardens is going on rapidly in the city and out on the Island. The ground is in splendid condition for the preliminary work, but after the ploughing is completed considerable rain will be needed. The ground is not only free from frost but it is remarkably dry and crumbles very easily. A few days of gentle rain would accomplish wonders in starting the grass as the soil is comparatively warm for the time of year.

The invitation lawn tennis tournament at the Newport Casino, to open on August 16, is one of the schedule of tennis events issued by the National Lawn Tennis Association this week. This event is expected to equal in interest the national tournament which will be played on Long Island this year.

Mr. Max Levy and Mr. I. J. Josephson, who recently retired from the presidency and vice presidency, respectively, of the Congregation Jeschut Israel, will be presented with silver loving cups by the Congregation.

Misses Joseph H. Willard and her daughters, who have been abroad for something over a year, are planning to return to Newport for the early summer. Mrs. Willard has been quite ill in Switzerland, but is now much improved.

Mr. John T. Delano observed the seventy-seventh anniversary of his birth on Monday, and was the recipient of many hearty congratulations. His health is now so much improved that he has been put of doors.

The police found the body of a girl baby on the city dump Tuesday afternoon, and the Medical Examiner gave permission for burial. An investigation is under way.

The representative council will meet next Wednesday night to consider the report of the board of aldermen on the new John Clarke school.

The annual civil service ball by the employees of the Torpedo Station will be given at Masonic Hall on Easter Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Parmenter and their daughters are on their way to the Panama Exposition, taking the Southern route.

Mr. O'Shaunessy's Seeds.

Lewis A. McGowan, Secretary to Congressman O'Shaunessy, is distributing 125,000 packages of flower and vegetable seeds to the school children in Mr. O'Shaunessy's district. Congressman O'Shaunessy has always attended to this distribution himself, but owing to a rather severe attack of typhoid fever, from which he is suffering at the present time, being confined to his home, his secretary is distributing the seeds. Mr. McGowan anticipates that several thousand packages of both flower and vegetable seeds will be left over after the distribution to the school children taken place. He informed the Mercury correspondent that a letter directed to Mr. O'Shaunessy within the next few days, by his constituents, asking for seeds, would receive favorable consideration. As a result of Mr. O'Shaunessy's distribution of seeds to the school children, many of them have set aside a little patch of ground in connection with the school yard, for the purpose of cultivating the seeds, and there are now at least one half dozen schools in his district which look forward with pleasure to the annual distribution of Government seeds.

Mr. O'Shaunessy's list of vegetable seeds this year contains the following combinations:

- 1 Beans, beet, lettuce, radish and tomato.
- 2 Peas, cucumber, lettuce, onion and radish.
- 3 Corn, lettuce, muskmelon, onion, and radish.
- 4 Lettuce, muskmelon, onion, tomato and turnip.
- 5 Beet, cabbage, cucumber, lettuce and turnip.
- 6 Lettuce, muskmelon, parsnip, radish and turnip.

The flower seed list contains the following combinations:

- A. Candytuft, dianthus, kochia, poppy and stocks.
- B. Balsam, calendula, echinocystis, mignonette and poppy.
- C. Dianthus, kochia, mignonette, nasturtium and poppy.
- D. Alyssum, kochia, nasturtium, petunia and poppy.
- E. Candytuft, dianthus, kochia, morning glory and poppy.
- F. Poppy, delphinium, portulaca, mignonette and snapdragon.
- G. Stocks, delphinium, kochia, mignonette and nasturtium.

Mr. O'Shaunessy has been informed by the Department of Agriculture that it will be impossible to send any particular one of the above varieties, owing to the immense demands for seeds at the present time. Those who want seeds should write right away, as the supply will not last very long.

Recent Deaths.

Charles E. Chase.

Mr. Charles E. Chase, for many years in charge of the seed department of the George A. Weaver store and its successor, died very suddenly at his home on Broadway Wednesday morning. He had quite a heavy cold which brought on a severe coughing spell early Wednesday morning, resulting in his death. He was a strong, active man, and the news of the sudden death came as a great surprise and shock to his friends in the community.

Mr. Chase was a son of the late Philip B. Chase, for many years town clerk of Portsmouth, and a grandson of the late William Earl Cook of that town who died a few years ago at the advanced age of 105 years. He was born in Portsmouth in 1847, and passed most of his early life there, being engaged in the grocery business for a number of years with his brother, Mr. Constant C. Chase. Some time ago, he came to Newport to enter the employ of the Weaver Company, and had since made his home here. He had but recently moved into the P. H. Morgan cottage on Broadway north of Newport avenue.

Frank Packard.

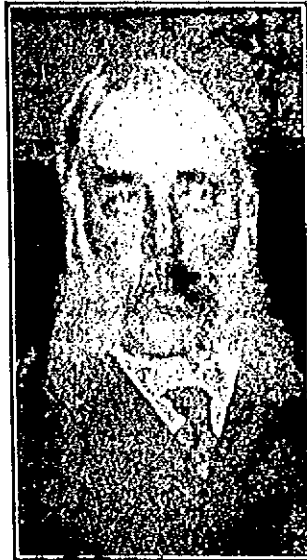
Mr. Frank Packard died on Tuesday after a considerable illness, death being due to bright's disease probably aggravated by a cold contracted at the Horgan fire on DeBlais street some weeks ago. He was a tinsmith by trade, and had been employed by Thomas Sharpe for many years. He was a ladderman of Hook & Ladder Company No. 1, and was regarded as an energetic and efficient fireman. He was an active member of Weenat Shasit Tribe of Red Men. He is survived by a widow and one daughter, Mrs. Cyrus P. Williams; also by his mother and a sister, Mrs. John H. Greene.

The underground conduit to supply Market square with electricity is being constructed from lower Pelham street through Thames street under the westerly sidewalk. It will be quite an expensive job by the time it is finished.

Mrs. Stevens, widow of the late City Clerk David Stevens, is quite ill at her home on Bush street.

The condition of Mr. William H. Crandall remains about the same. He is very seriously ill.

Mr. Thomas E. Sherman is able to be out after having been quite seriously ill.



MR. BENJAMIN C. SHERMAN.
John Clarke and Roger Williams.

Mr. Thomas W. Bicknell of Providence spoke at the rooms of the Newport Historical Society last Saturday morning on the early days of colonial Rhode Island. He took up again the discussion of the primacy of the Rhode Island towns, showing that Portsmouth and Newport ante-dated Providence, and that Roger Williams was of little real importance in the early colonial days. He placed John Clarke of Newport as the foremost man in the colony, although he is little known to fame. He urged a study of the early records, those of Newport being of immense value while those of Providence have less value, because of the lack of dates.

Mr. Bicknell is preparing to publish a book on Colonial Rhode Island, which will bring out the facts that he has developed, and he talked the matter over rather informally with those who were present at the meeting on Saturday. The general consensus of opinion seemed to be that the book should be published.

Suspect Arrested.

The police have gathered in a young man whom they have sent to Cranston on a minor charge pending a further study of the possibility of connecting him with the second story robberies at the Captain Howard residence and at Mrs. A. W. Luther's. He is said to have a record for doing this kind of work, and as he was known to be in town on the day these robberies were committed, the police are very strong in their suspicions that he is the man they have been looking for.

The man is known as James P. Navens of Fall River, but is also known by other names. Inspector Tobin saw him on Saturday and promptly attended to his appearance at the police station. As the police were not prepared to push their charge regarding the two robberies here he was held in connection with a violation of the pawn shop law and was sent to Providence County Jail for sixty days. In the meantime the police are making careful study of the case, and when his time has expired he may be charged with the more serious matters.

When he was searched at the police station a number of small articles of jewelry were found which are being compared with lists of articles reported stolen in other cities.

More Grass Fires.

Grass and brush fires have continued to engage the attention of the fire department this week, there having been many calls for the apparatus to kill threatening blazes. There was a box alarm Sunday morning from box 43 at Bath road and Gibbs avenue. A grass fire was threatening adjoining property, but it was quickly disposed of by the firemen.

They had a rather harder job Saturday afternoon, when a brush fire at Tammany Hill gave them much work, although a box alarm was not sounded. Telephone calls were sent for more men and apparatus and the flames were finally beaten out. There have been several other calls for grass fires of less threatening nature.

The park commission has elected Charles J. Stark superintendent of parks, and will do away with the contract system of caring for parks. Tools and equipment will be purchased, and the work will be done under the direction of the commission.

The committee on the new police station will purchase a motor patrol wagon to be added to the new equipment of the new station. The purchase will be made from the original appropriation for construction and furnishing.

The highway department has begun its spring work, having street cleaners out, also some of the steam road rollers.



MRS. BENJAMIN C. SHERMAN.
PORTSMOUTH.

From our Regular Correspondent.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin C. Sherman will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage in the Masonic lodge room at Eureka Hall, Saturday from 3 to 5 o'clock and from eight to ten o'clock. The rooms are prettily decorated for the celebration. An orchestra will furnish music and Mrs. Gladys Sherman Barker, a niece of Mr. and Mrs. Sherman will sing. Mrs. Sherman will wear a gown of wisteria crepe meteor with gold trimmings and she and Mr. Sherman will be assisted in receiving by their children, Mrs. William K. Boyd, Mrs. Louis A. Darling and Mrs. Arthur A. Sherman. Mr. and Mrs. Sherman were married in Waltham, La Salle County, Illinois and have four children: Frank Sherman; Ellen, wife of Mr. William K. Boyd; Frances, wife of Mr. Louis A. Darling, and Colonel Arthur Sherman; another son, Benjamin, died many years ago. The wedding gifts were exhibited and consisted of a sum of money in gold, a dinner set, a coffee set, a carving set, a gold thimble, a gold pencil, a handsome plate mirror, pictures, linen and cut glass. A number of young ladies assisted in serving cake and ice cream.

Mr. Sherman is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Clark. He had one brother David Durfee Sherman, deceased and three sisters, one the first wife of Thomas Holman died many years ago. The others are Ruth, Mrs. Frank Gordon, and Abbie, Mrs. A. G. Manchester. Mrs. Sherman is the daughter of the late Benjamin and Sarah Sisson Almy. Her sisters are Mrs. Elizabeth Sackett of Connecticut, and Mrs. Sarah Sherman of Providence; another sister Mrs. Mary Randall died many years ago. She has one brother Joseph Almy of Illinois.

Mr. Sherman was formerly the representative of Portsmouth in the General Assembly.

SUPPER.

The Helping Hand Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, gave its first supper and sale in the vestry of the church on Tuesday evening. There was a large attendance, and the results were very gratifying. The supper consisted of salmon, egg and potato salad, rolls, cake, tea & coffee. The committee was Mrs. Robert Wyatt, Mrs. Charles Ashley, and Mrs. William F. Brayton. The room was decorated with yellow and white crepe paper, the napkins were decorated with chickens and small yellow chickens were at each place. Mrs. William B. Spooner poured tea & coffee assisted by Miss Florence Howell. Miss Laura Wadsworth was in charge of the cake, Mrs. Ralph Freeborn sold supper tickets. The apron table was in charge of Mrs. Frederick A. Lawton and Mrs. Andrew J. Durfee. Mrs. Sydney Hedley and Miss Elizabeth Ross sold fancy articles. Miss Martha Ashley sold Easter post-cards. Miss Alice Brayton sold ice-cream tickets. Mr. William F. Brayton and Charles Ashley. The waitresses were Miss Alice N. Brayton, Miss Mattie Ashley, Miss Emma Brayton, Miss Emily Pierce, Miss Florence Howell and Miss Elizabeth Ross.

SUDDEN DEATH.

Mr. Charles Chase who died at his home in Newport Wednesday, was a native of this town. His grandfather was William Earl Cooke who died in his 104th year. He was the son of Philip and Sarah Earl (Cook) Chase, and was one of nine children six of whom survive him. They are Mrs. Eunice A. Greene, Mr. Constant C. Chase of this town, Mrs. Frank Fish of Brookline, Mr. John A. Abbot of Taunton, and Messrs. Isaac and Philip S. Chase of Providence. He was formerly associated with his brother in the grocery business here. He is also survived by a son Frank Chase, Mr. Chase's wife, Ella Faulkner, died over a year ago.

Mrs. Clara E. Dennis who has been quite ill, is able to get out a little. Mrs. Dennis has been entertaining her brother, Mr. Charles Barker of Westerly, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Lawton entertained a party of 20 relatives and friends recently. Games were played, and refreshments served.

Lenten services were held at St. Mary's Church on Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi Almy left Sunday to motor to Gloversville, N. Y., where Mr. Almy will begin his season's work for the Lane Construction Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Ashley entertained four tables at whist on Monday evening, it being the anniversary of their wedding, and Mrs. Ashley's birthday.

Miss Hope Sherman, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Arthur A. Sherman is ill with mumps.

BLACK IS WHITE

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER XIII.

Two Women.

Frederic had the feeling that he slunk to the telephone. The girl handed the receiver to him and he met her confident, untroubled gaze for a second. Instead of returning to the sitting-room where she could have heard everything that he said, she went into her own room down the hall and closed the door. He was not conscious of any intention to temporize, but it was significant that he did not speak until the door closed behind her. Afterwards he realized and was ashamed.

Almost the first words that Yvonne uttered were of a nature to puzzle and irritate him, although they bore directly upon his own previously formed resolution. Her voice, husky and low, seemed strangely plaintive and lifeless to him.

"Have you and Lydia made any plans for the afternoon?" she inquired. He made haste to declare their intention to attend a concert. "I am glad you are going to do that," she went on. "You will stay for luncheon with Lydia?"

"Yes. She's trying to pick up that thing of Frederic's—the one we heard last night." There was silence at the other end of the wire. "Are you there?"

"Yes."

"I will be home for dinner, of course. You—don't need me for anything, do you?"

"No," she said. Then, with a low laugh: "You may be excused for the day, my son. Your father and I have been discussing the trip abroad."

"I thought you—you were opposed to going."

"I've changed my mind. As a matter of fact, I've changed my heart."

"You speak in riddles."

She was silent for a long time. "Frederic, I want you to do something for me. Will you try to convince Lydia that I meant no offense last night when I—"

"She understands all that perfectly, Yvonne."

"No, she doesn't. A woman wouldn't understand."

"In what way?"

There was a pause. "No woman likes to be regarded as a fool," she said at last, apparently after careful reflection. "Oh, yes; there is something else. We are dining out this evening."

"You and I?" he asked after a moment.

"Certainly not. Your father and I. I was about to suggest that you dine with Lydia—or better still, ask her over, here to share your dinner with you."

He was scowling. "Where are you going?"

"Golfing? Oh, nothing. I saw. Well," slowly, deliberately, "we thought it would be great fun to dine alone at Delmonico's and see a play afterward."

"What play are you going to see?" he cut in. She mentioned a Belasco production. "Well, I hope you enjoy it, Yvonne. By the way, how is the governor today? In a good humor?"

There was no response. He waited for a moment and then called out: "Are you there?"

"Good-by," came back over the wire. He started as if she had given him a slap in the face. Her voice was cold and forbidding.

When Lydia rejoined him in the sitting-room he was standing at the window, staring across the courtyard far below.

"Are you going?" she asked, steadily. He turned toward her, conscious of the telltale scowl that was passing from his brow. It did not occur to him to resent her abrupt, uncompromising question. As a matter of fact, it seemed quite natural that she should put the question in just that way, flatly, incisively. He considered himself, in a way, to be on trial.

"No, I'm not," he replied. "You did not expect me to forget, did you?" He was uncomfortable under her honest, inquiring gaze. A sudden anger against himself took possession of him. He despised himself for the feeling of loneliness and homesickness that suddenly came over him.

"I thought—" she began, and then her brow cleared. "I have been looking up the recitals in the morning paper. The same orchestra you heard last night is to appear again today."

"We will go there, Lydia," he interrupted, and at once began to hum the gay little air that had so completely charmed him. "Try it again, Yvonne."

"You'll get it in no time."

After luncheon, like two happy children they rushed off to the concert, and it was not until they were on their way home at five o'clock that his enthusiasm began to wane. She was quick to detect the change. He became moody, preoccupied; his part of the conversation was kept up with an effort that lacked all the spontaneity of his earlier and more engaging flights.

Lydia went far back in her calculations and attributed his mood to the promise she had exacted in regard to his attitude toward his father. It occurred to her that he was smarting under the restraint that his promise involved. She realized now, more than ever before, that there could be no delay, no faltering on her part. She would have to see James Brood at once. She would have to go down on her knees to him.

"I feel rather guilty, Frederic," said, as they approached the house. "Mr. Brood will think it strange that I should plead a headache and yet run off to a concert and enjoy myself when he is so eager to finish the journal—especially as he is to sail so soon. I ought to see him, don't you think so? Perhaps there is something I can do tonight that will make up for the lost time." She was plainly nervous.

"He'd work you to death if he thought it would serve his purpose," said Frederic, gloomily, and back of that sentence lay the thought that made it absolutely imperative for her to act without delay.

"I will go in for a few minutes," she said, at the foot of the steps. "Are you not coming, too?"

He had stopped. "Not just now, Lydia. I think I'll run up to Tom's flat and smoke a pipe with him. Thanks, old girl, for the happy day we've had. You don't mind if I leave you here?"

Her heart gave a great throb of relief. It was best to have him out of the way for the time being. "Well—so long," he said, diffidently. "So long, Lydia."

"So long," she repeated, dropping into his manner of speech without thinking. There was a smothering sensation in his breast.

He looked back as he strode off in the direction from which they had come. She was at the top of the steps, her fingers on the electric button. He wondered why her face was so white. He had always thought of it as being full of color, rich, soft and warm.

Inside the door, Lydia experienced a strange sinking of the heart. "Is Mr. Brood at—?" she began, nervously. A voice at the top of the stairway interrupted the question she was putting to the footman.

"Is it you, Lydia? Come up to my room."

The girl looked up and saw Mrs. Brood leaning over the banister rail. She was holding her pink dressing-gown closely about her throat, as if it had been hastily thrown about her shoulders. One bare arm was visible—completely so.

"I came to see Mr. Brood. Is he—"

"He is busy. Come up to my room," repeated Yvonne, somewhat imperiously.

As Lydia mounted the stairs she had a fair glimpse of the other's face. Always pallid—but of a healthy pallor—it was now almost ghastly. Perhaps it was the light from the window that caused it, Lydia was not sure, but a queer, greenish hue overspread the lovely, smiling face. The lips were red, very red—redder than she had ever seen them. The girl suddenly recalled the face she had once seen of a woman—who was addicted to the drug habit.

Mrs. Brood met her at the top of the stairs. She was but half-dressed. Her lovely neck and shoulders were now almost bare. Her hands were extended toward the visitor; the filmy lace gown hung loose and disregarded about her slim figure.

"Come in, dear. Shall we have tea? I have been so lonely. One cannot read the books they print nowadays. Such stupid things, all—"

She threw an arm about the tall girl and Lydia was surprised to find that it was warm and full of a gentle strength. She felt her flesh tingle with the thrill of contact. Yes, it must have been the light from the window, for Yvonne's face was now aglow with the iridescence that was so peculiarly her own.

A door closed softly on the floor above them. Mrs. Brood glanced over her shoulder and upward. Her arm tightened perceptibly about Lydia's waist.

"It was Ranjab," said the girl, and instantly was filled with amazement. She had not seen the Hindu, had not even been thinking of him, and yet she was impelled by some mysterious intelligence to give utterance to a statement in which there was conviction, not conjecture.

"Did you see him?" asked the other, looking at her sharply.

"No," admitted Lydia, still amazed. "I don't know why I said that."

Mrs. Brood closed her boudoir door behind them. For an instant she stood staring at the knob as if expecting to see it turn—

"I know," she said, "I know why you said it. Because it was Ranjab." She shivered slightly. "I am afraid of that man, Lydia. He seems to be watching me all of the time. Day and night his eyes seem to be upon me."

"Why should he be watching you?" asked Lydia, bluntly.

Yvonne did not notice the question. "Even when I am asleep in my bed, in the dead hour of night, he is looking at me. I can feel it, though asleep. Oh, it is not a dream, for my dreams are of something or someone else—never of him. And yet he is there, looking at me. It—it is uncanny."

"An obsession," remarked Lydia, quietly. "He never struck me as especially omniscient."

"Didn't you feel him a moment ago?" demanded Yvonne, irritably.

The other hesitated, reflecting. "I suppose it must have been something like that." They were still facing the door, standing close together. "Why do you feel that he is watching you?"

"I don't know. I just feel it, that's all. Day and night. He can read my thoughts, Lydia, as he would read a book. Isn't—Isn't it disgusting?" Her laugh was spiritless, obviously artificial.

facial.

"I shouldn't object to his reading my thoughts," said Lydia.

"Ah, but you are Lydia. It's different. I have thought sometimes, my dear, that would not—but there! Let us speak of more agreeable things. Sit down here beside me. No tea? A cigarette, then. Not do you forgive me for what I said to you last night?" she asked, sitting down beside the girl on the chaise longue.

"It was so absurd, Mrs. Brood, that I have scarcely given it a moment's thought. Of course I was hurt at the time. It was so unjust to Mr. Brood. It was—"

"It is like you to say that," cried Yvonne. "You are splendid, Lydia. Will you believe me when I tell you that I love you? That I love you very dearly, very tenderly?"

Lydia looked at her in some doubt and not without misgivings. "I should like to believe it," she said, noncommittally.

"Ah, but you doubt it. I see. Well, I do not blame you. I have given you much pain, much distress. When I am far away you will be glad—you will be happy. Is not that so?"

"But you are coming back," said Lydia, with a frank smile, not meant to be unfriendly.

Yvonne's face clouded. "Oh, yes, I shall come back. Why not? Is this not my home?"

"You may call it your home, Mrs. Brood," said Lydia, "but are you quite sure your thoughts always abide here? I mean in the United States, of course."

Yvonne had looked up at her quickly. "Oh, I see. No, I shall never be an American." Then she abruptly

changed the subject. "You have had a nice day with Frederic? You have been happy, both of you?"

"Yes—very happy, Mrs. Brood," said the girl, simply.

"I am glad. You must always be happy, you two. It is my greatest wish."

Lydia hesitated for a moment. "Frederic asked me to be his wife—tomorrow," she said, and her heart began to thump queerly. She felt that she was approaching a crisis of some sort.

"Tomorrow?" fell from Yvonne's lips. The word was drawn out as if in one long breath. Then, to Lydia's astonishment, an extraordinary change came over the speaker. "Yes, yes, it should be—it must be tomorrow. Poor boy—poor boy! You will marry, yes, and go away at once, at—"

Her voice was almost shrill in its intensity, her eyes were wide and eager and—

anxious.

"—Oh, Mrs. Brood, is it for the best?" cried Lydia. "Is it the best thing for Frederic to do? I—I feared you might object. I am sure his father will refuse permission."

"But you love each other—that is enough. Why ask the consent of anyone? Yes, yes, it is for the best. I know—oh, you cannot realize how well I know. You must not hesitate." The woman was trembling in her eagerness. Lydia's astonishment gave way to perplexity.

"What do you mean? Why are you so serious—so intent on this—"

"Frederic has no money," pursued Yvonne, as if she had not heard Lydia's words. "But that must not deter you. It must not stand in the way. I shall find a way, yes, I shall find a way. I—"

"Do you mean that you would provide for him—for us?" exclaimed Lydia.

"There is a way, there is a way," said the other, fixing her eyes appealingly on the girl's face, to which the flush of anger was slowly mounting.

"His father will not help him—if that is what you are counting upon, Mrs. Brood," said the girl coldly.

"I know. He will not help him, no."

Lydia started. "What do you know about—that has Mr. Brood said to you?" Her heart was cold with apprehension. "Why are you going away next week? What has happened?"

Brood's wife was regarding her with narrowing eyes. "Oh, I see now. You think that my husband suspects that Frederic is too deeply interested in his beautiful stepmother, is that not so? Poor! He has nothing to do with it." Her eyes were sullen, full of resentment now. She was collecting herself.

The girl's eyes expressed the disdain that suddenly took the place of apprehension in her thoughts. A sharp retort leaped to her lips, but she suppressed it.

"Mr. Brood does not like Frederic," she said instead, and could have cut out her tongue the instant the words were uttered. Yvonne's eyes were glittering with a light that she had never seen in them before. Afterwards she described it to herself as baleful.

"So! He has spoken ill—evil—of his son to you?" she said, almost in a monotone. "He has hated him all these years—is not that so? I am not the original cause, am I? It began long ago—long ago!"

"Oh, I beg of you, Mrs. Brood," began Lydia, shrinking back in dismay.

"You are free to speak your thoughts to me. I shall not be offended. What has he said to you about Frederic—and me?"

Lydia resolved to take the plunge. Now was the time to speak plainly to this woman of the thing that was hurting her almost beyond the limits of endurance. Her voice was rather high-pitched. She had the fear that she would not be able to control it.

"I should be blind not to have observed the cruel position in which you are placing Frederic. Is it surprising that your husband has eyes as well as I? What must be his thoughts, Mrs. Brood?"

She expected an outburst, a torrent of indignation, an angry storm of words, and was therefore unprepared for the piteous, hunted expression that came swiftly into the lovely eyes, bent so appealingly upon her own, which were cold and accusing. Here was a new phase to this extraordinary creature's character. She was a coward, after all, and Lydia despised a coward.

The look of scorn deepened in her eyes, and out from her heart rushed all that was soft and tender in her nature, leaving it barren of all compassion.

"I do not want to hurt Frederic," murmured Yvonne. "I—I am sorry if—"

"You are hurting him dreadfully," said Lydia, suddenly choking up with emotion.

"He is not—not in love with me," declared Yvonne.

"No," said the girl, regaining control of herself, "he is not in love with you. That is the whole trouble. He is in love with me. But—can't you see?"

"You are a wise young woman to know men so well," said the other enigmatically. "I have never believed in St. Anthony."

"Nor I," said Lydia, and was surprised at herself.

"Do you consider me to be a bad woman, Lydia?" Her lips trembled. There was a suspicious quiver to her chin.

"No, I do not," pronounced the girl flatly. "If I could only think that of you I would explain everything and I should know just how to treat you. But I do not think it of you."

With a long, deep sigh, Yvonne crept closer and laid her head against Lydia's shoulder. The girl's body stiffened, her brow grew dark with annoyance.

"I am afraid you do not understand, Mrs. Brood. The fact still remains that you have not considered Frederic's peace of mind."

"Nor yours," murmured the other, absently.

"Nor mine," confessed Lydia, after a moment.

"I did not know that you and Frederic were in love with each other until I had been here for some time," Mrs. Brood explained, suddenly fretful.

"What kind of a woman are you?" burst from Lydia's indignant soul.

"Have you no conception of the finer, nobler—"

Yvonne deliberately put her hand over the girl's lips, checking the fierce outburst. She smiled rather plaintively as Lydia tried to jerk her head to one side in order to continue her reckless indictment.

"You shall not say it, Lydia. I am not all that you think I am. No, no, a thousand times no. God pity me, I am more accursed than you may think with the finer and nobler instinct. If it were not so, do you think I should be where I am now—crawling here like a beaten child? No, you cannot understand—you never will understand. I shall say no more. It is ended. I swear on my soul that I did not know you were Frederic's sweetheart. I did not know—"

"But you knew almost immediately after you came here," exclaimed Lydia, harshly. "It is not myself I am thinking of, Mrs. Brood, but of Frederic. Why have you done this abominable thing to him? Why?"

"I—I did not realize what it would mean to him," said the other, desperately. "I—I did not count all the cost. But, dearest Lydia, it will come out all right again, I promise you. I have made a horrible, horrible mistake. I can say no more. Now, let me lie here with my head upon your breast. I want to feel the beating of your pure, honest heart—the heart that I have hurt. I can tell by its throbs whether it will ever soften toward me. Do not say anything now—let us be still."

It would be difficult to describe the feelings of Lydia Desmond as she sat there with the despoiled though to be adored head pillowed upon her breast, where it now rested in a sort of confident repose, as if there was safety in the very strength of the young girl's disapproval. Yvonne had twisted her little body on the chaise longue so that she half-faced Lydia. Her free arm, from which the loose sleeve had fallen, leaving it bare to the shoulder, was about the girl's neck.

For a long time Lydia stared straight before her, seeing nothing, positively dumb with wonder and acknowledging a sense of dismay over her own disposition to submit to this extraordinary situation. She was asking herself why she did not cast the woman away, why she lacked the power to resent by deed as well as by thought. Life—marvelous, adorable life rested there on her breast. This woman had hurt her—bad hurt her wantonly—and yet there came stealing over her, subtly, the conviction that she could never hurt her in return. She could never bring herself to the point of hurting this wondrous, living, breathing, throbbing creature who pleaded, not only with her lips and eyes, but with the gentle heart-beats that rose and fell in her throat.

After a long time, in which there was conflict, she suddenly pressed her warm lips to Yvonne's. Then in an abrupt revulsion of feeling her arms fell away from the warm, sweet body and almost roughly she pushed Yvonne

away from her.

"I—I didn't mean to do that!" she gasped.

The other smiled, but it was a sad, plaintive effort on her part. "I knew that you would," she repeated.

Lydia sprang to her feet, her face suddenly flaming with embarrassment. "I must see Mr. Brood. I stopped to tell him that—" she began, trying to cover her confusion, but Yvonne interrupted.

"I know that you could not help it, my dear," she said. Then, after a pause: "You will let me know what my husband has to say about it?"

"To—say about it?"

"About your decision to marry Frederic in spite of his objections."

Lydia felt a little shiver race over her as she looked toward the door.

"You will help us?" she said, tremulously, turning to Yvonne. Again she saw the drawn, pained look about the dark eyes and was startled.

"You can do more with him than I," was the response.

CHAPTER XIV.

Sensations.

Lydia stopped for a moment in the hall, after closing the door behind her, to pull herself together for the ordeal that was still to come. She was trembling; a weakness had assailed her. She had left Yvonne's presence in a dazed, unsettled condition of mind. There was a lapse of some kind that she could neither account for nor describe even to herself. The black velvet coat that formed a part of her trig suit, hung limply in her hand, dragging along the floor as she moved with hesitating steps in the direction of James Brood's study. A sickening estimate of her own strength of purpose confronted her. She was suddenly afraid of the man who had always been her friend. Somehow she felt that he would turn upon her and rend her, this man who had always been so gentle and considerate—and who had killed things!

Ranjab appeared at the head of the stairs. She waited for his signal to ascend, somehow feeling that Brood had sent him forth to summon her. Her hand sought the stair rail and gripped it tightly. Her lips parted in a stiff smile. Now she knew that she was turning coward, that she longed to put off the meeting until tomorrow—tomorrow!

The Hindu came down the stairs, quickly, noiselessly.

"The master says to come tomorrow, tomorrow as usual," he said, as he paused above her on the steps.

"It—it must be today," she said, doggedly, even as the thrill of relief shot through her.

"Tomorrow," said the man. His eyes were kindly inquiring. "Sahib say you

are to rest." There was a pause. "Tomorrow will not be too late."

She started. Had he read the thought that was in her mind?

"Thank you, Ranjab," she said, after a moment of indecision. "I will come tomorrow."

Then she slunk downstairs and out of the house, convinced that she had failed Frederic in his hour of greatest need, that tomorrow would be too late.

Frederic did not come in for dinner until after his father and Yvonne had gone from the house. He did not inquire for them, but instructed Jones to say to the old gentlemen that he would be pleased to dine with them if they could allow him the time to "change." He also told Jones to open a single bottle of champagne and to place three glasses.

Later on Frederic made his announcement to the old men. In the fever of an excitement that caused him to forget that Lydia might be entitled to some voice in the matter, he deliberately committed her to the project that had become a fixed thing in his mind the instant he set foot in this house and found it empty—oh, so empty!

Jones' practiced hand shook slightly as he poured the wine. The old men drank rather noisily. They, too, were excited. Mr. Riggs snatched his lips and squinted at the chandelier as if trying to decide upon the vintage, but in reality doing his best to keep from coughing up the wine that had gone the wrong way in a moment of profound paralysis.

"The best news I've heard since Judas died," said Mr. Dawes, manfully. "Fill 'em up again, Jones. I want to propose the health of Mrs. Brood."

"The future Mrs. Brood," blurted Mr. Riggs, wheezily, glaring at his comrade. "Ass!"

"I'm not married yet, Mr. Dawes," exclaimed Frederic, gratingly.

"Makes no difference," said Mr. Dawes, stoutly. "Far as I'm concerned,

you are. We'll be the first to drink to Lydia Brood! The first to call her by that name, gentlemen. God bless her!"

"God bless her!" shouted Mr. Riggs. "God bless her!" echoed Frederic, and they drained their glasses to Lydia Brood.

"Jones, open another bottle," commanded Mr. Dawes, loftily.

Frederic shook his head and two faces fell. Right bravely, however, the old men maintained a jocular interest in the occasion. The young man turned moody, thoughtful; the unwonted exhilaration died as suddenly as it had come into existence. A shadow crossed his vision and he followed it with his thoughts. A sense of utter loneliness came over him with a swift-ness that sickened, nauseated him. The food was flat to his taste; he could not eat. Self-commiseration assailed him. He suddenly realized that he had never been so lonely, so unhappy in all his life as he was at this moment.

His thoughts were of his father. A vast, inexplicable longing possessed his soul—a longing for the affection of this man who was never tender, who stood afar off and was lonely, too. He could not understand this astounding change of feeling. He had never felt just this way before. There had been times—and many—when his heart was sore with longing, but they were of other days, childhood days. Tonight he could not crush out the thought of how ineffably happy, how peaceful life would be if his father were to lay his hands upon his shoulders and say, "My son, I love you—I love you dearly." There would be no more lonely days; all that was bitter in his life would be swept away in the twinkling of an eye; the world would be full of joy for him and for Lydia.

When he entered the house that evening he was full of resentment toward his father, and sullen with the remains of an ugly rage. And now to be actually craving the affection of the man who humbled him, even in the presence of servants! It was unbelievable. He could not understand himself. A wonderful, compelling tenderness filled his heart. He longed to throw himself at his father's feet, and crave his pardon for the harsh, vengeful thoughts he had spent upon him in those black hours. He hungered for a word of kindness or of understanding on which he could feed his starving soul. He wanted his father's love. He wanted, more than anything else in the world, to love his father.

Lydia slipped out of his mind, Yvonne was set aside in this immortal moment. He had not thought of them except in their relation to a completed state of happiness for his father. Indistinctly he recognized them as essentials.

Ay, he was lonely. The house was as bleak as the steppes of Siberia. He longed for companionship, friendship, kindness—and suddenly in the midst of it all he leaped to his feet.

"I'm going out, gentlemen," he exclaimed, breaking in upon an unappreciated tale that Mr. Riggs was relating at some length and with considerable fierceness in view of the fact that Mr. Dawes had pulled him up rather sharply once or twice in a matter of innuendoes. "Excuse me, please."

He left them gaping with astonishment and dashed out into the hall for his coat and hat. Even then he had no definite notion as to what his next move would be, save that he was going out—somewhere, anywhere, he did not care.

Somehow, as he rushed down the front steps with the cool night air blowing in his face, there surged up within him a strong, overpowering sense of filial duty. It was his duty to make the first advances. It was for him to pave the way to peace and happiness. Something vague but disturbingly tormented him with the fear that his father faced a grave peril and that his own place was beside him and not against him, as he had been in all these ill-directed years. He could not put it away from him, this thought that his father was in danger—in danger of something that was not physical, something from which, with all his valor, he had no adequate form of defense.

At the corner he paused

TO SUFF VOLCANOES.

Startling Discovery Made by An Australian.

Volcanoes can easily be extinguished, says the New York Herald. A New Zealand man claims that there are many who agree with him to have discovered a liquid by means of which volcanoes may be extinguished quickly whether active or threatening.

Many diseases of the human body act in the same manner as volcanoes. Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Disorders, Female Diseases and many others all begin with a slight rumble of pain and distress, and if not treated in time will burst forth in all their fury, causing all who are so afflicted the most intense suffering and making life a complete burden.

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Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time Table in Effect Sept. 27, 1911.
Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days: 8:35, 8:45, 9:10, 11:05 a. m., 1:10, 3:05, 5:10, 8:25 p. m. Sundays: Leave Newport 8:35, 7:35, 11:05 a. m., 3:05, 5:05, 8:25 p. m.
Middleton and Portsmouth: 8:55, 9:10, 11:05 a. m., 1:10, 3:05, 5:05, 8:25 p. m.
Tiverton: 8:55, 9:10, 11:05 a. m., 1:10, 3:05, 5:05, 8:25 p. m.
Provincetown: 11:05 a. m., 3:05 p. m.
Plymouth: 11:05 a. m., 3:05 p. m.
New Bedford: 8:55, 9:10, 11:05 a. m., 1:10, 3:05, 5:10, 8:25 p. m.
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His Indorsement.
The late Lord Roberts once sent his orderly to the bank to cash a check, says Pearson's Weekly, and the clerk wanted it indorsed.

"What for?" demanded the soldier.

"Well, it's the rule, and I can't pay you the money until you do indorse it," he was told.

"Oh, all right," grumbled the messenger. So he took back the check and bit the end of a pen in deep meditation for a minute or two. Then he wrote this:

"I beg to say that I have known Lord Roberts for several years, and he has proved himself times without number to be as brave as a lion, but always kindly considerate to those who serve under him. And I have, therefore, great pleasure in respectfully indorsing his check."

Came Natural.

Each—They say that the president of the bank who got away with a lot of the money began his career as janitor of the institution. Egbert—Never forgot his early training to clean out the bank, evidently—Yonkers Statesman.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

BLACK IS WHITE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO



He Was Looking Up Into Ranjab's Shadowy, Unsmiling Face.

he was out of sight of the house he cast frequent glances over his shoulder as if still expecting to see the lighted window and its occupant.

As he made his way to Broadway, somewhat hastily bent on following that thoroughfare to the district where the night glittered and the stars were shamed, he began turning over in his mind a queer notion that had just suggested itself to him, filtering through the maze of uncertainty in which he had been floundering. It occurred to him that he had been awfully sentimental in respect to his father. His attitude had not changed—he was seriously impressed by the feelings that had mastered him—but he found himself ridiculing the idea that his father was in peril of a description. And suddenly, out of no particular trend of thought, groped the sly, persistent suspicion that he had not been altogether responsible for the sensations of an hour ago. Some outside influence had molded his emotions for him, some cunning brain had been doing his thinking for him.

(To Be Continued.)

Languages of India.
One hundred and fifty different languages are spoken in India, most of them unwritten, and this fact frequently leads to trouble in the courts of that oriental country. Strangely enough, Indians frequently drift into that capital who can find no one able to understand their vernacular. Neither the court nor the court interpreters understand some of the Hingonis and witnesses in legal cases.

She Knew Boys.
The Employer—If my wife calls on say that I've just gone out.

The Office Boy—Yes, sir; I'll say it every time she calls up.

The Employer—You mustn't do that. My wife would have a poor opinion of your truthfulness.

The Boy—Yes, sir; she has it now.

The Employer—What do you mean?

The Boy—Why, she called up this morning and asked me if I was the new boy, and I said, "Yes, ma'am."

And she said it was no place for a truthful boy. She said you had no use for a truthful boy. Then she said, "Did you ever tell a lie?" And I said, "No, ma'am."

"And what did she say?"

"She said, 'You'll do!'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Porto Rico's Telephone Plant.

Porto Rico has one very unique kind of "telephone plant," says the Western Electric News. It is an air plant something like an orchid. It has no roots, but derives its nourishment from the air, the seeds evidently being carried by the wind or birds and insects to some substance where they lodge and sprout. This growth is found most frequently on insulated wire, although it has been observed on bare iron wire that has rusted. It has never been seen on new bare iron, copper wire or cable and causes little trouble, as the mass is seldom large enough to cross two wires.

Way of a Woman.

"So he won her by fighting with his rival. I shouldn't think such a little shrimp of a fellow could put up much of a battle."

"Oh, he got licked; that's what made him solid with her—that's just like a woman, you know."—Florida Times Union.

Mines in Naval Warfare.

Floating mines, under various names, have figured in naval warfare for nearly 350 years, but they were first used with really deadly effect in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-5.

Nettle Juice Dye.

A fine yellow dye is produced from the roots of nettles boiled in alum. The juice of the stalk and leaves is used to dye woolen stuffs a brilliant and permanent green.

CONSCRIPT ARMIES.

Military Rules in Force in the Various States of Europe.

Napoleon in 1793 first brought conscription into force, then it was adopted by Prussia after her defeat by the French at Jena in 1806. In most countries where conscription is in vogue every man on reaching a certain age—from sixteen to twenty-one—has to undergo a period of military training. This prevails in France and Germany, but in Russia a certain number of men is required only, and if this is exceeded the authorities decide from whom full service shall be exacted. Of course certain men are excused, such as the only sons or eldest sons of clergymen, etc.

In Spain and Portugal every man is not directly called upon, but each locality is obliged to furnish a certain number, the men being chosen by ballot. There is no standing army in Switzerland, but all able-bodied citizens serve in the militia, which is called upon to train a few weeks every year. Although compulsory service is the law of the land, the army in the Netherlands is mainly composed of volunteers.

It is considered by some people that conscription is unpopular, but in the rural districts of the countries where conscription is in force the inhabitants look forward to the time when they will be called upon as the only exciting change in their lives.

The best conscriptive countries have so legislated that when the conscript leaves the army suitable employment is found for him; also, another point in his favor, his period of service is not so long as that of the volunteer.—London Chronicle.

A Chicago Milk Story.

A family living in South Chicago found a good deal of cream on a bottle of milk which had been standing overnight, and when the driver called in the morning, the pleased servant held it up to the light and said, "Look here: I have never seen anything like this before on your milk."

The man looked at it for a moment, scratched his head and replied, "Well, I don't know what's the matter, but you can throw it out, and I'll give you a fresh bottle in its place."—Chicago News.

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Beware of IMITATIONS
Always Get—
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A LADY AND A BABY

And Uncle Sam's Polite Consul
In a City in France.

HOW THEY MET AND PARTED.

And How Light Was Thrown on the
Problem That the Woman, Who Was
French and Voluble, and the In-
fant, Who Was American, Presented.

Not very long after having taken charge of one of the consulates in France I was one morning seated at my desk busily engaged in figuring over my quarterly accounts, when suddenly a woman carrying a bundle in her arms appeared before me. I had not realized in France sufficiently long to imbibed the undiluted French politeness, but I had progressed sufficiently to ask:

"Madame, what can I have the pleasure of doing for you this morning?"

"Monsieur," she exclaimed, walking toward me, holding out the bundle as if to deposit it on my desk, "this is an American baby. What shall I do with it?"

Abashed at the prospect of so suddenly becoming a father with the orange blossoms and rice omitted and knowing that the American government had established no precedent of maintaining orphan asylums either at home or abroad, I hesitated a moment and replied:

"Will the madame please be seated over there by the door and tell me why, being a Frenchwoman, who has become possessed of an American baby?"

It never occurred to me to examine the little bundle of humanity. I had in previous times rather prided myself on my ability to distinguish the nationality of people, had even boasted I could tell them by their shoes, but I had never tried my perceptive powers on infant physiognomy.

"Voulez," she said, seating herself.

I shall never forget that word, *voulez*. It was one of the first French words I ever learned. You know it means—oh, so many things when used exhortatorily, as it generally is. Usually, however, to the beginner in the French language it conveys the meaning of "Here it is." That was about as far as I had progressed in my French education at that time in regard to the many varied meanings of *voulez*, and I determined that if it meant the baby then it would retain its geographical location indefinitely—that is, in the woman's lap over by the door, or preferably outside. But her *voulez* referred not so much to the infant as to the story of how it came to be in her possession.

She talked volubly while I tried to assume the defensive power of silence. But to a Frenchwoman—well, silence simply means what the jockey gives the horse in the last heat—encouragement.

From the verbal French cyclone she hurled at me I gathered a few fragments that enabled me to understand.

For three months she had been employed as nurse by an American woman who had paid her good wages. Four weeks previously, however, the mother had returned to New York, saying she was going over for only two or three days on an urgent business matter and would return at once. She had not seen or heard of her since. Being a woman who had to work for her own living, the baby was a burden on her hands.

She could hardly support herself, much less provide for the infant, and as the child was of American parentage she thought the representative of the American government ought to take care of it.

I suggested that I would write to the city authorities in New York asking as to the gentleness of the address that the woman said the mother had left with her.

"And what shall I do during all the time you are waiting for an answer—starve?"

My answer finally was a twenty franc gold piece, with which she departed, saying she would try to take care of the baby until I could hear from the New York authorities.

Now, the reasonable and the unreasonable part of the story is that since her departure, though the sun has risen hundreds of times, she has never returned. It had not risen more than seven times, however, before I learned the reason.

It was just one week later at an informal dinner of the sixteen consuls who resided in the city that in the course of a conversation with my Italian colleague I told him the story of the woman and the baby. What do you suppose he answered?

"Well, well," he laughed, "why, that same woman came to my office, only she had an Italian baby. And I thought I was fortunate to get rid of her for 50 francs."

In the general conversation that followed I discovered that the woman had visited every one of the sixteen consulates in the city, and by her ability to change the baby's nationality from English to German and from Italian to Japanese and all the other colors of the rainbow she had extracted from the consular corps of that particular French city the sum of 775 francs.

This incident is just one of a series of similar experiences with frauds and takers a consul has to face in the performance of his duties.—Thornwell Haynes in New York Tribune.

Who hangs himself in the chimney should not complain of smoke.—German proverb.

Paper in Arabia.

Paper was made from rags in Arabia more than ten centuries ago, the art being brought to Europe in the thirteenth century.

Love, like fortune, turns upon a wheel and is very much given to rising and falling.—Vanbrugh.

BRAVNY NORWEGIANS.

They Are the Longest Lived People in the World Today.

The fine stature and unique physical qualities of the athletic Norwegians are thus described by Price Collier in an article on "Norway and the Norwegian," from an American Point of View, in *Berlin's Magazine*:

"The so called border, or agricultural peasantry, form the very backbone of the nation in Norway. Each is proprietor of his own farm, and they occupy the country from the shore of the sea to the foot of the hills and up every glen or valley as far as corn will grow. They are, as a rule, fine looking, athletic men, as their properties are not so large as to exempt them from work, but large enough to supply them and their families with wholesome food. In the old days they built their own houses, made their own furniture, plows, carts, harness, ironwork, woodwork and basketwork. Probably there are no communities anywhere else in the world so self sufficient, so independent and so comfortable."

"Indeed, their size and wholesome aspect prove this, for they are the tallest, tallest, broadest chested and longest lived people in the world today."

"In the streets of the towns, at the farms, on the roads, one seldom sees a fat man or one who looks unwell. They are sturdy, sometimes heavily built, but they are lean in the flank, broad of shoulder and thick through and, though they do not always carry themselves lightly or gracefully, they look to have plenty of room for the working machinery of living, for heart and lungs and digestive apparatus."

Wherever you go in Norway, from Christiania to the North cape, you cannot go far without going up and down hills, nor can you go far without inhaling the champagne-like mountain air. It is not impossible that the plain food—a necessity in a poor country—the physical training in the schools, the obligatory military training, the sensible temperance legislation, the up and down hill exercise, the almost entire lack of luxury and the fact that they are not hard workers—not lazy, perhaps, but certainly leisurely in their toll, seldom making any undue demand upon their nervous energy—have produced what no artificial legislation can copy."

Napoleon and Rousseau.

Napoleon on visiting the tomb of Rousseau said:

"It would have been better for the repose of France that this man had never been born."

"Why so, Citizen Consul?"

"It is he who prepared the French revolution."

"I should have thought, Citizen Consul, that it was not for you to complain of the revolution."

"Well," replied Napoleon, "the future will discover whether it was not better for the repose of the world that neither Rousseau nor I had ever been born."

In these words we hear the first glimmer of advancing imperialism.—"The Personality of Napoleon," J. Holland Rose.

The Origin of "Hurrah."

The word "hurrah" is pure Saxon and is commonly heard from the coast of Delaware to Berlin street when any of the population living within these limits is called on to give proof of courage and valor. The origin of the word belongs to the primitive idea that every man that dies heroically for his country goes straight to heaven—Hurrah, to paradise—and in the shock and ardor of battle the combatants utter that cry, as the Turks do that of "Allah!" each animating himself by the certitude of immediate recompense to forget earth and to contend death.

How Indians Purified Water.

The Indians had a way of purifying water from a pond or swamp by digging a hole about a foot across and down about six inches below the water level a few feet from the pond. After it was filled with water they baled it out quickly, repeating the baling process about three times. After the third baling the hole would be filled with filtered water. Try it.—Boy Scout Handbook.

Why Corn Has Silk.

A Potato Hill man who is sixty-one years old never knew until recently that for every grain on an ear of corn there is a silk running out to the end to light and moisture. These silks run back under the husk. One is attached to each grain on the cob and nourishes it. Everything in nature is more wonderful than any invented story.—Potato Hill Cor. in *Atchison Globe*.

Culture's Progress.

"Our daughter is studying French, German, music, dancing and painting," said the fond mother complacently.

"Well," replied Mr. Currier, "that's a good start. But has she yet learned not to use back number slang and chew gum?"—Washington Star.

No Longer Company.

"Familiarity breeds contempt," "True! When I was first invited over to their house to dinner they used to let the dishes go until morning; now they do them right after dinner and call me into the kitchen to help."—Detroit Free Press.

His Definition.

"Pa, what is a demagogue?"

"A demagogue, my son, is a person who gives voice to opinions that conflict with your own."—New York Herald.

Peace hath higher tests of manhood than battle ever knew.—Whittier.

Can You Beat It?

She—Oh, Jack, do excuse me for getting here so late! You poor fellow, you'd have to wait an hour for me! He—Oh, no! It's all right! I've only just come. She—What? So that's just you treat me, is it? If I'd come at the time agreed you'd have made me wait a whole hour.—Boston Transcript.

Puzzles in Mathematics.

A New York engineer was surveying the route of a branch line for a railway system. An old backwoodsman with whom he stopped for a time admitted one day when he saw the engineer figuring in the field that mathematics always seemed a wonderful thing to him.

Being young and enthusiastic, the engineer began to enlarge upon his wonders, telling the farmer how he could measure the distances to different planets and even weigh the planets; how he could foretell the coming of a comet or an eclipse years in advance of its actual occurrence, determine the velocity of the swiftest projectiles, ascertain the heights of mountains without scaling them, and many other things meant to astonish the old man.

"Yes, them things does seem kinder curious," said the old man, "but what always bothered me was to understand why you have to carry one for every ten. But if you don't," he continued with conviction, "the darned thing won't come out right."—Everybody's Magazine.

Seeing in the Dark.

Dr. J. J. Thomson is authority for the statement that when a body is heated above the temperature of boiling water it ordinarily begins to be faintly visible, especially by averted vision, but no definite color is discerned until the temperature has risen considerably higher. This suggests that the first effects are felt by the "rods" and not by the "cones," which together form the retina. The cones are especially concerned with the perception of color. From this one would infer that animals which see in the dark must have retinas particularly rich in rods, and physiology shows that this is notably true of the owl, whose retina is remarkable for the extremely great proportion of rods to cones. In a faint light, states Professor Thomson, the owl sees no color, but he sees something, which is good enough for his purposes where he would see nothing at all.—Philadelphia Record.

A Remarkable Toad.

The toad of Surinam, Dutch Guiana, is very remarkable in one respect. It first awakes to life while on its mother's back. When the eggs are laid the male takes them in his broad paws and contrives to place them on the back of its mate, where they adhere by means of glutinous secretion and by degrees become embedded in a series of curious cells formed for them in the skin. When the process is completed the cells are closed by a kind of membrane, and the back of the female toad bears a strong resemblance to a piece of dark honeycomb when the eggs are hatched, and in these strange receptacles the young pass through their first stages of life, not emerging until they have attained their limbs and can move about on the ground. Over 120 eggs have been counted upon the back of a single Surinam toad.

Speed of Railway Trains.

Among the fast records of railway trains for short distances are the following: New York Central and Hudson river, one mile in thirty-two seconds; Pennsylvania, five and a half miles in three minutes; Burlington route, two and one-fourth miles in one minute and twenty seconds; Plant system, five miles in two and one-half minutes; Philadelphia and Reading, four and eight-tenths miles in two and a half minutes.

The fastest time on record for a distance of over 440 miles was made by the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern from Buffalo to Chicago, in June, 1900, when the distance of 525 miles was covered in seven hours and fifty minutes. The fastest long distance run less than 440 miles was on the New York Central, on Sept. 11, 1898, from New York to Buffalo, 435½ miles, in 307 minutes. The average speed was sixty-four and one-third miles an hour, with two stops and twenty-eight stops, and on Jan. 1, 1903, from Albany to Buffalo, 302 miles, in 235 minutes.—Philadelphia Press.

Girding Up the Loins.

In Biblical times the strong man "girded up his loins" when about to undertake some feat of physical endurance. And the custom is by no means obsolete among certain orientals at the present time. Thus in preparing for a fatiguing journey the oriental wears a piece of cloth about fifteen feet long and twelve to eighteen inches wide tightly around the abdomen and back. It is put on by having a person hold one end while the wearer winds himself up tightly to it, and the orientals believe that this girdle relieves fatigue and guards against intestinal troubles by preventing chilling. This explanation of the sustaining effect of the girdle is probably incorrect, although the good effects themselves cannot be doubted. In all probability it is the support given the abdominal muscles, rather than the protection to the skin, that explains the beneficial results.—Los Angeles Times.

Odd Sheets of Note Paper.

A good way to use up odd sheets of note paper for which you have no envelopes is to make them, with the aid of your sewing machine, into a package of correspondence sheets that need no cover. Cut the note paper into halves along the folded edge and fold each half again. Remove the thread from your sewing machine needle and carefully run the paper under the guide of the machine, leaving an accurate quarter of an inch margin on three sides. The fold of the paper should remain untouched. That makes a double sheet, three of the four edges of which are perforated. When you are ready to send a letter write on the inside of the folded sheet, then moisten the edges with glue, seal them and write the address on the outside of the folded sheet. The person to whom the letter is addressed can open it by tearing off the margins that seal it.—Youth's Companion.

The Legion of Honor.

In 1802 Bonaparte proposed the formation of a legion of honor which was to include in its ranks men of distinction from every walk in life, not only soldiers, but savants, jurists and authors.

"It is aristocratic in its tendency," said Berrier, a distinguished lawyer, "leading France back to the ancient regime when crosses, badges and ribbons were the fashions of monarchy."

"Well," replied Napoleon, "men are led by toys. The French are not all changed by ten years of revolution; they are what the fables were fierce and noble. They have one feeling—honor. We must nourish that feeling; they must have distinction."

The oath taken by a new member of the Legion of Honor was to devote himself "to the service of the republic, to the maintenance of the integrity of its territory, the defense of its government, laws and of the property which they have consecrated; to fight against every attempt to reestablish the feudal regime or to reproduce the titles and qualities thereof belonging to..."—Napoleon and the End of the French Revolution, by Charles F. Warwick.

Well Tempered Living.

The statistics of insanity show that the minds of men and women are often made aberrant through the steady drive of environment, in which the simple life and the sporting city life are equally at fault. The sources show the per capita of insanity differs little in city and country. Rural solitude and the abnormal life of the city are alike responsible for mental diseases. It is as bad for man to be too much alone as it is for him to be surrounded by perfect life. The history of the race, the inquiries of investigators and the judgment of specialists in the diseases of mind and body tell us that the well tempered life, void of excesses, is the plane upon which men and women best endure in mental and bodily health; a temperance of thought and a temperance of action in an environment in which the individual is neither submerged by human society nor detached from it.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Not So Very Cheap.

The man who wishes to economize was advised by a friend to go to a certain restaurant.

"Mighty cheap," said the friend. So the would be borrower went there. Next day he met that friend.

"Pretty cheap place, eh?" said the latter.

"Not on your life!"

"What do you mean? Can you get as good soup elsewhere as you can there for the price?"

"Certainly not."

"And did you ever get such roast beef at another place for what you paid at this one?"

"I never did."

"Well, then, why do you say the place isn't cheap?"

"Because," said the man who wanted to save, "while I was eating somebody stole my hat and overcoat!"—New York Times.

Silent Tragedies.

It is only the life of violence, the life of bygone days that is perceived by nearly all our tragic writers, and truly one may say that anachronism dominates the stage, and that dramatic art dates back as many years as the art of sculpture. To the tragic author it is only the violence of the anecdote that appeals. And he imagines, forthwith, that we shall delight in witnessing the very same acts that brought joy to the hearts of barbarians, with whom murder, outrage and treachery were matters of daily occurrence, whereas it is far away from bloodshed, battle and sword thrust that the lives of most of us flow on, and men's tears are silent today, and tristful and almost spiritual.—Maeterlinck.

Breaking It Gently.

"If you please, mamma," asks Benjamin, aged ten, "will you kindly lend me a pencil?"

"Not," said his mother, "I left a pen and ink for you to do your lessons with on the nursery table. Why don't you use that instead of a pencil?"

"Well, you see," Benjamin explained, "I want a pencil to write and ask the editor how to remove ink stains from a carpet."

A Vision of Judgment?

"Extremes met at our boarding house today," remarked the star boarder.

"How so?" asked the innocent bystander.

"I ate deviled ham and had angel cake for dessert."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Measurement.

"Remember," said the efficiency advocate, "that time is money."

"I suppose so," replied the worried man. "I'm getting so that it makes me as nervous to look at my watch as if it were the register on a taxicab."—Washington Star.

Catty.

"What part of the club paper is Emmeline going to look after?"

"Well, she's such an expert on the subject that I suggested she attend to its makeup."—Baltimore American.

Medical Note.

"How is your brother?"

"Very low. He is being treated by three doctors."

"What cowards! Three against one!"—Bodapest Rozsaszem Jankó.

If then shouldst lag up even a little upon a little and shouldst do this often soon would even this become great.—Hesiod.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

JAPANESE COURT TRIALS.

The Judges, Not the Lawyers, Question the Witnesses.

The defendant in a Japanese court was testifying in his own behalf. He stood directly in front of the presiding judge, not ten feet distant from him, and answered his questions in a clear voice, without any apparent hesitation.

The judge seemed conversant with the case, for he put questions rapidly, giving a funny little grunt of acquiescence after every answer. Occasionally one of the associates wrote a suggestion and handed it to the president, and once or twice the defendant's counsel asked the court to put a certain inquiry. The whole proceeding—and the same may be said of those in several other courts I visited—was conducted in a quiet, colloquial way. In every instance I was impressed with the simple, businesslike atmosphere.

Some of the Japanese lawyers with whom I have talked say that they feel that very often the court does not elicit all the facts and that our system of having witnesses questioned by counsel would be better but, on the other hand, some lawyers maintain that better results are realized by the system, which puts upon the court the duty of getting at the truth, maintaining that the witnesses are more apt to talk frankly to the court than to the lawyer for the opposite side who is engaged, as they think, in trying to make them out late.

I came away quite favorably impressed with what I saw and wondering whether on the whole in 85 per cent of the cases a decision by three judges trained in the investigation of facts would not be as nearly right as the verdict of twelve citizens casually gathered in from the general community.—George W. Wickensham in *Case and Comment*.

COAXING THE FURNACE.

Try Gentleness and the Uplift and Kindly, Soothing Words.

Treat your furnace kindly. Let your watchwords as a furnace tender be gentleness and uplift. Be firm with your furnace, but always gentle. Some persons imagine that the way to make a furnace behave properly is to first shake it violently and then maul the life out of the remaining coals with the poker. They try chastisement when they should try gentleness and uplift and only succeed in packing the coal harder and destroying ventilation, the secret of successful furnace tending.

Nothing responds more readily to uplift than does a furnace fire. When in the early morning you wish to arouse the furnace fire from its slumbers, you should first shake it gently, then gently tickle the ribs of the grate with the poker to make ventilation more perfect and then crack the top crust with a lever-like uplifting use of the poker. In a minute the fire will be wide awake and in good humor, laughing and sticking out its tongues of flame at you in merriment.

Never swear at your furnace, no matter how it annoys you. That will make it sulky and obstinate. You never saw a furnace which was sworn at often which was not frequently sulky and obstinate. Now, did you? It is advisable to take the directly opposite tack. I know a man who always addresses his furnace as "sweetheart" or "darling" and he assures me the plan works to perfection. "Maybe it doesn't really make the furnace warm up the way it seems to," he frankly admits. "Maybe the mere suggestion just keeps me from losing my temper and hammering my fire to pieces. But, anyway, the results are excellent. Savvy?"—Lee Shipper in *Judge*.

Aisle on the Car in a Wreck.

A veteran railroad man gave a piece of valuable advice not long ago.

"If you ever get into a wreck," he said, "and have time to follow out this suggestion, remember this: Always stand in the aisle. Most of the injuries that are suffered occur because the victim is crushed between the seats. If you are in the aisle you may be thrown forward and bruised a little, but there is much less chance of receiving serious hurts. It isn't always possible to get out of your seat before the crash comes, but if it is follow that advice."—Pittsburgh Press.

Dome of the Rock.

The name "Dome of the Rock" is one that has been conferred on the celebrated mosque of Omar, at Jerusalem. It stands on Mount Moriah, on the site once occupied by the temple of Solomon. Immediately under its dome an irregular shaped rock projects above the pavement. This rock was the scene of many Scriptural events and has been greatly revered for ages by Jews and Mohammedans.

NAPOLEON VALUED TIME.

He Might Have to Lose Battles, but He Would Not Lose Minutes.

After forcing the army of Sardinia back toward Turin, Napoleon had scarcely taken possession of the beautiful Palace Salomatori, at Cherasco, thirty-five miles from the Piedmontese capital, when an aged marshal from the Sardinian side came and informed the little general of the French that the king was about to propose terms of peace.

"Terme!" shouted the young commander in chief in startling tones, as he pounded the desk, "it is I who name terms. If you don't accept them at once Turin is mine tomorrow!"

Although the directory, sitting in far away Paris, had reserved the right for themselves and their trained diplomats to accept or reject terms, the young general could not delay operations for weeks while messengers were sent back and forth between the camp and the capital, so Bonaparte took it upon himself to arrange an armistice. He called a halt to all sparring for time by drawing out his watch and, tapping the dial with his forefinger, ordered them to sign immediately, remarking:

"I may lose battles, but I will not lose minutes."—Condensed From "The Life of Napoleon," by James Mangier.

Ever Have the Feeling?

Who has not felt the emotion which the French call "deja vu" or "deja entendu," meaning that he is doing or seeing or hearing something he has experienced before?

"In a perfectly new situation," writes a physician in the *Government Hospital for the Insane*, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, "in a place which he has never before visited, a person believes that he has been a visitor there at some previous time. These feelings of having already experienced such situations are frequently due to memory defects."

"It is probable that what takes place in that one or several elements in the present situation are like those which had been experienced in the past, but that the dissimilarities in the situation are not observed. The individual has a memory defect in that he parallels or identifies a complex present experience with a similar complex past experience, although in the present experience the number of elements which are the same as those in the past may not be very great."

House Chimneys.

Chimneys were scarcely known in England in the year 1200. One only was allowed in a religious house, and in a major house and one in a great hall of a castle or a lord's house, but in other houses the smoke found its way out as it could. The writers of the fourteenth century seemed to have considered them as the newest invention of luxury. In Henry VIII's reign the University of Oxford had no fire allowed, for it is mentioned after the students had supper, having no fire in winter, they were obliged to take a good run to get heat in their feet before they retired for the night. Holbein, in the reign of Elizabeth, describes the usefulness of the chimney generation in his arts of life.

"There were," says he, "very few chimneys. Even in the capital towns the fire was laid to the wall, and the smoke issued out of the door, roof or window."

In the year of 1630 a tax of 2 shillings was laid on chimneys.—*Fandom Strand Magazine*.

Woods We Use in Our Toys.

"It must not be considered that dolls are the only wooden toys in the manufacture of which American industry has been progressing," says the Southern Lumberman. "Among the toys made in this country from American woods are toy animals, blocks, boats, caskets and dolls, children's chairs, circus sets, dolls, doll furniture, giraffes, Christmas tree holders, swing jumpers, children's pinos, pastry sets, baler play yards, toy shooting galleries, bobbinets, penguins, toy wagons, toy autos and wheelbarrows. Balsa wood is the principal material for wooden toys and for wooden parts of metal toys. Next to balsa wood, sugar maple, beech, birch and white pine are the principal woods used for toys. The amount of woods used annually in the United States for toy manufacture is nearly 20,000,000 feet."

A Prohibited Inscription.

In the west cloister of Westminster Abbey, in the oldest part of the building, imbedded in the pavement is a slab of marble marking the grave of John Broughton, who was a viceroy in the abbey for more than thirty years and before he obtained the situation was the champion prizefighter of Great Britain, holding the belt for more than twelve years. The guides who show people around the abbey say that when he was buried in the cloister some of his admirers wanted to immortalize him with an appropriate epitaph, and they indicated a blank space under his name which was left for the inscription. "For twelve years champion prizefighter of England," but it was prohibited.

"Landlady."

The distinction which the possession of land used to give is still exemplified in the titles of "landlord" and "landlady." Persons are smugged at the colored washerwoman, for instance, who insists on the term "lady." But let the same woman run a rooming house of whatever description and she is not a "landwoman," but a "landlady."—Kansas City Star.

Exasperating.

"The phrase 'He hates himself' is intended for sarcasm when applied to an egotist, I believe."

"Quite right, but it's the unvarnished truth when applied to a man who starts to tell a funny story and forgets how it ends."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Self Protection.

"I always take my wife with me when I buy a new hat."

"That's considerate."

"No, it isn't. If I buy one by myself she blames me for the way I look in it. If she goes along I blame her."—Washington Star.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be carefully observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. All queries must be sent to the editor. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. 7. Direct all communications to: Miss E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Society, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1915.

NOTES.

The Newport Historical Society has recently obtained a photograph of Rev. John Clarke's second address to King Charles II, and this copy is printed here in view of the present interest in Clarke's work for Rhode Island. A copy may be found in the Colonial Records of Rhode Island, but they are not available to everybody.—E. M. T.

Second address from Rhode Island to King Charles the Second.

To Charles the Second:

By the wonderful, provident, and gracious disposing of the Most High, of England, Scotland, and Ireland, with the large dominions and territories belonging.

High and Mighty King: The humble petition and representation of John Clarke on the behalf and in the name of the purchasers and free inhabitants of Rhode Island, and of the rest of the Colony of Providence Plantations, in the Narragansett Bay, in New England, most humbly sheweth:

That forasmuch as the state of the case with your poor petitioners is really such as hath been presented unto your Majesty in their former humble address, being hereunto annexed.

As also to the case and manner of their first going forth from Old England to New, and of their remove from the place where first they landed unto the place where now they are pitched.

As to the wonderful passages of the Providence of the most high (from whence the Plantations have taken their name), in guiding them thither and in making room for them there, whereby they have purchased, possessed and planted these parts of the world in all desirable freedom, and liberty, in all respects both among themselves and from all others, whether English or Indians.

As to their humble address unto your Majesty for his further and more particular countenance and encouragement of them in these their so happy and so successful beginnings.

As to their obtaining a charter of civil incorporation, the grounding their government thereupon, and causing all the visible acts of power to issue forth in his Majesty's name.

And lastly, as to their manner of the entertaining the first intelligence they had of your Majesty's return to your Royal Throne, in causing a general shout to be forthwith called, and therein as a testimony of their ready and joyful reception of you, and of their faithful allegiance and loyalty to you, in that they did order of their own accord and

with joyful consent, that your Majesty should be forthwith proclaimed with as much solemnity as they could, in all the Towns of their colony; and that all judicial proceedings and acts of power should issue forth in your Majesty's name.

Therefore your petitioners humbly pray your Majesty's favourable aspect towards them; who have still in their remembrance, and in the rest of their actions made it manifest, that they as the true natives of England, have firmly adhered in their allegiance and loyalty to the sovereignty thereof, although by strangers, by many false proffers against and against allured therefrom, and have it much on their hearts (if they may be permitted) to hold forth a lively experiment, that a flourishing civil State may stand, yet, and best be maintained, and that among English spirits, with a full liberty in religious concerns, and that true piety rightly grounded upon gospel principles will give the best and greatest security to true sovereignty, and will lay in the hearts of men the strongest obligations to true loyalty.

To which end we are humbly bold, Royal Sire, to present to your Majesty this our first and second address, and therewith humbly prostrate ourselves and your Majesty's subjects with our purchase and charter, being the titles we have to our lands and our government, at your Majesty's feet, hopefully craving we may find such grace in your sight, as to receive from your Majesty a more absolute ample and free charter of civil incorporation, whereby under the wing of your Royal protection, we may not only be sheltered, but having the blessing of the most High superadded as from former experience, we have good grounds to expect, may be caused to flourish in our civil and religious concerns in these remote parts of the world, so shall your servants take themselves greatly obliged, while they are quietly permitted with freedom of conscience to worship the Lord their God, as they are persuaded to pray for the life of the King, even that he may live for ever and ever, and to make it their study which way they may best approve themselves.

Your Majesty's most humble, faithful and obedient subjects,
JOHN CLARKE.

Queries.

8137. NORMAN—Frisilla Norman, wife of William Thurston, of Newport, R. I., married Aug. 5, 1773. Who were her parents?—B. M. C.

8138. THORNE, TILLEY—Who were the parents of Phebe Tilley, who married Thomas Thorne, of Providence, R. I.? They had a son William Thorne, born 1748, who married Henrietta MacNeil, of Glasgow, Scotland. William Thorne was a sea captain. His fifth daughter married William Brown.—N. A. B.

8139. CODDINGTON—Isaac Coddington died in Newport about 1748, of a little later. His brothers and sisters were William, John, Robert, Nathaniel, Edward, Lydia and Hope. Would like their parentage. Lydia married John Hull.—C. L. D.

8140. GAMBRAITH—Would like exact birth date of Mary Ann Gambraith, who was born Nov. 18, 1837 or 1838, in Newport, R. I.—H. S. J.

8141. SOUTHWICK—Who was the wife of Solomon Southwick, of Newport, R. I., the patriotic editor of the Mercury? Was she Ann Gardner, who first married Wilson Carpenter?—N. E. S.

8142. HALEY—Samuel Haley was born in Boston, June 25, 1740. In 1764, a deed speaks of him as a leather dresser in Providence, R. I. In 1804 he was in North Kingstown, R. I. In 1823, he died in Bristol. Would like information concerning his life and his ancestry?—N. S. J.

8143. BAXTER—John Baxter is supposed to have been a physician in Newport, R. I., between 1676 and 1686. Would be glad to have any data relating to him.—G. W. C.

8144. SEIXAS—Would like to know if there is any engraved portrait of Moses Seixas.—J. F. S.

8145. NORTHWAY or NORTHWAY—I would like to know the whereabouts of John Northway after he left Portsmouth where he is located between 1680 and 1688. Was Susanna Northway his wife?—W. A. W.

ANSWERS.

8138. HISCOX—Wm. Hiscox's will, dated Aug. 6, 1701, mentions his wife Susanna Hiscox, daughters Hannah Ayres, Edith Higgins, and Rebecca Clark, and son Thomas Hiscox. In the Seventh Day Baptist Memorial Vol. I, p. 61, Thomas Hiscox is given as the son of William Hiscox and Agnes Poigneux.

Austin's Genealogical Dictionary of R. I. gives as follows: "1683, Oct. 20. In a letter of this date from Samuel Hubbard of Newport, to William Gibson at New London, he mentions Rebecca Hiscox who must have been the wife of William."

This Rebecca was probably not his wife but his daughter, whom he mentions in his will.

William Hiscox is recorded as Freeman in Newport as early as 1671, but his home in England is not given.—M. A. S.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

The Republican Caucus was well attended Friday evening of last week, at the town hall. William Clarence Peckham was chosen Chairman and Clifford B. Ward secretary. A general harmony prevailed and there was no opposition to the candidates proposed. The following list of nominations were made for the town officers to be presented at the annual town meeting April 7th:

Moderator—William L. Brown.
Town Clerk—Albert L. Chase.
Town Council—Lewis R. Mancheater, Joseph E. Kline, James R. Chase 2nd, Robert W. Smith, William J. Peckham.

Overseers of the Poor—same as Council.

Justices of the Peace—Elisha Clarke Peckham, Henry C. Sherman, Edward M. Pytzka, Westcom S. Peckham, Town Treasurer—Clifford B. Ward.
Town Sergeant—Thomas S. Ward.
Assessors of Taxes—Alden P. Barker, Henry C. Sherman Jr., William S. Coggeshall, Edward E. Peckham, Charles H. Ward.

Collector of taxes—John H. Peckham.
Fence Viewers—Elisha Angell Peckham, Howard S. Peckham, Percy T. Dalley.

Auctioneers—Harvey F. Copeland, Edward E. Peckham, James A. Taber.
Town Auditors—Alfred S. Ward, Harold R. Chase, David A. Brown.
Cemetery Committee—Charles Peckham, George Peabody, V. A. Vanicek.
Member of Public School Committee for 3 years—Fred P. Webber.

The caucus voted to endorse the proposition of the School Committee as presented by the Town Council at their last meeting, for a four-room central school-house.

A public hearing, to be held Monday evening at the town hall, upon the school question, will give everyone a chance to hear the situation thoroughly discussed and also to speak if they so desire. The meeting has been arranged by Mr. Fred P. Webber of the School Committee and State School Commissioner. Walter E. Ranger of Providence will be among the speakers. The school teachers are planning to attend.

Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Wells were the recipient of post card showers last week on the occasion of their birthdays, Thursday and Sunday. Mrs. Wells was presented at the supper given by the Ladies Aid with a bouquet of white carnations and jonquils, and a birthday cake. Her son, Gordon, whose birthday fell upon the same date as his mother's also received a cake.

Spinach seed and onion sets have been planted and the farmers are getting ready to put in potatoes.

English Robins were seen Sunday.

The members of the Oliphant Club were guests on Friday of last week of Mrs. William H. Sisson at the DeBlois farm, there being an unusually large attendance. The program was designated as "A St. Patrick's Social," and proved to be most entertaining and enjoyable, the afternoon being full of surprises and novelties. The members will be guests this week of Mrs. William Hamilton at her winter home, Bridge street, Newport. The meeting next week will be omitted on account of Good Friday.

Rev. John B. Dimean was in charge on Sunday last and will be next Sunday, at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, in the absence of Rev. Latta Griswold, who is away on his spring vacation. St. George's School will reopen on next Tuesday so the vested choir will be present at the Chapel at the morning service on Good Friday.

The public schools close Thursday night, April 1st, for a 10 days' vacation, reopening on Monday, April 12th.

The General Assembly has now finished forty eight of the sixty days of its session for 1915. There are only twelve more days in which the members can draw pay. There are, according to the rules of both bodies, but four more days in which new business can be introduced, and yet the appropriation bill has not passed the Senate. If this General Assembly as was so loudly proclaimed in the early part of the session, is to make a record for promptness and businesslike way of doing things it is about time to begin.

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Double Extra Tapestry Hall and Stair Carpet made and laid \$1.00 per yard.	Infold Linoleum As much as you want at A yard and a half for a dollar	Rubber Tracking Heavy government gauge Fine for the laundry
A Folding Cutting Table	One Dozen Etched Water Tumblers	A Costume Pole
A Vacuum Washing Machine	For Easter Table Decoration 1 Colonial Glass Candle Stick with Candle, Lamp and Shade	A Large Willow Clothes Basket
A Leather Covered Foot Rest	A Bath Room Set Bottles, Shelf and Brackets	A 7-inch Casserole Nickle holder and pottery lining

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SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1915

Interest 4 per cent. per annum.

G. P. Taylor, Treasurer

FOR SALE.

I have two pairs of oxen, and three pairs of young, sound horses that are now out of work, and must be sold at once.
ARTHUR N. PECKHAM,
Kingston, R. I.

The United Shoe Machinery Company headquarters in Boston which has been for several years prosecuted by the Government as a combination in restraint of trade, has just been given a unanimous decision in its favor by the United States Courts. It has cost this Company over one half million dollars to defend itself from Government prosecution. That is the way this Administration aids business. The foundation of this Shoe Machinery Co. were the patents formerly owned by the late Gordon McKay of this city.

Again there are rumors that peace in Europe is not far off. Let us hope that these rumors will prove correct.

Over twenty-six million dollars have been sent from this country for relief of the suffering in Belgium.

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240 Thames Street

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

House of Representatives,
Providence, March 23, 1915.

PUBLIC HEARING.

Exterminating Starfish.

The Committee on Finance of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in House Bill 243 entitled:

"Resolution appropriating Fifteen Thousand Dollars for the purpose of enabling the Shell-Fish Commissioners to remove and exterminate starfish from the free and common fisheries"

In Hearing Room 302, State House Providence, on

Tuesday, March 30, 1915,

upon the rising of the House.
FREDERICK S. PROCK,
JAMES J. NOLAN, Chairman.
Clerk. 5-27-15

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Senate,
Providence, March 25, 1915.

PUBLIC HEARING.

Tiverton Electric Light Company

The Committee on Corporations of the Senate will hear all persons interested in Senate Bill 64.

"An Act in amendment of an act entitled 'An Act to Incorporate the Tiverton Electric Light Company,' passed at the January Session, A. D. 1899."

In the Committee Room No. 21, on

Tuesday, March 30, 1915,

upon the rising of the Senate.
ARTHUR L. SMITH,
CHARLES CARROLL, Chairman.
Clerk. 5-27-15

PEOPLE

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West and South

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Newport Real Estate

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SITUATION WANTED: A person with five years' experience in shoe business, as clerk, agent, and salesman, desires position. Write to Sineon Hazard, 250 Broadway, Newport, R. I.

Board of Aldermen

The board of aldermen had much business at its regular weekly meeting on Thursday evening, there being many bills opened in addition to routine matters. The City Clerk was directed to advertise a notice that the digging up of Broadway and of streets that are to be repaired will not be allowed after the work is completed.

Karl Bostel, agent for the Ahrens-Pox fire apparatus, submitted a long communication setting forth that his machines were better and cheaper than the Lafrances, and quoting prices for the engines and quantities needed by the city. Another communication suggested that Engine station No. 1 be retained by the city, and a claim for damages for loss of horse on Thames street was received.

The contract for supplying \$20,000 was awarded to Bond & Washburn at \$12, and for a motor cycle for the highway department to J. R. Chase at \$245. The bids for road oil caused considerable discussion but the contract finally went to the Standard Oil Company, the Street Commissioner favoring Dastoline.

There were many bidders for supplies for the highway department, and contracts were placed for asphalt heaters, sand spreader and wood tank sprinkling carts. A long communication was received from H. B. Atter, agent for the Lafrances fire apparatus, quoting prices and discounts for the machines needed for the city, and offering \$1000 for the apparatus to be condemned. No action was taken.

The committee on John Clarke school announced that \$30,000 additional could be required to build the structure along the original line.

Notice of the pendency of a bill entitled

"An Act in amendment of an Act entitled 'An Act to Incorporate the Tiverton Electric Light Company,' passed by the General Assembly at the January Session, A. D. 1899."

Pursuant to the provisions of section 3 of Chapter 22, of the General Laws of Rhode Island, notice is hereby given of the pendency of before the General Assembly of a bill entitled "An Act in amendment of an Act entitled 'An Act to Incorporate the Tiverton Electric Light Company,' passed by the General Assembly at the January Session, A. D. 1899." Said bill provides that said corporation shall be authorized to erect, lay, use and maintain lines of wires and conductors, also pipes or conduits in and through which to conduct wires for electric purposes connected with said business, and, through, over and under public highways, streets, thoroughfares and sidewalks in the town of Little Compton, as it is now empowered to do in the town of Tiverton, and in Portsmouth, and also, with the consent of the owners, upon and over any private property and buildings in said town of Little Compton, such power to be exercised in all cases in accordance with the regulations and order, and by the permission of the town council thereof.

Tiverton Electric Light Company.
GEOFFREY L. B. TAYLOR, Chairman.
March 11, 1915—5-15-34

Probate Court of the City of Newport,
March 10th, 1915.

Estate of John L. Barlow.

PETITION in writing is made by John L. Barlow, Jr., of said Newport, praying for reasons therein stated, that Hayden D. Barlow of said Newport, or some other suitable person, may be appointed guardian of the person and estate of John L. Barlow, a person of full age, of said Newport; and said petition is received and referred to the first day of April next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury, citation having been served according to law.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.
5-30-15

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